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THE  
HIPPODROME OF CONSTANTINOPLE  
AND  
ITS STILL EXISTING MONUMENTS.

BY  
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YRABUJ OROFATZ

## TO THE READER.

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I commit this little work upon the Hippodrome to both the learned and the unlearned in the Antiquities of Constantinople. From the former I ask, and am sure of, charitable and sympathetic judgment, even as they appreciate to the full the labour and difficulty through which one strives to plod his way to the truth concerning the past days of this ancient city. To the latter I trust its perusal may afford a pleasant hour, and above all a stimulus to study themselves this and kindred subjects, of which Constantinople is so suggestive and in which it is so rich.



## THE HIPPODROME OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

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THE Atmeidan is a plain, familiar to every resident of Constantinople. It stretches on the south to the left hand of the tramway station, just beyond St. Sophia. It is crossed every time one visits the quaint chambers where the grotesque figures of the Janissaries are on exhibition. On its eastern side rises the six-minareted mosque of Sultan Achmet. The Ottoman School des Arts et des Métiers closes its southern end ; barracks and a prison are among its boundaries on the west. Three monuments, an Egyptian obelisk, a broken twisted serpent, and a crumbling pillar built of stone, stand along its centre like tombstones in the graveyard of a dead past.

The name Atmeidan is the Turkish translation of *Ἰππικὸν, Ἰππὸδρομος* ; in English, Hippodrome ; an edifice which occupied the same site and embraced in all a territory nearly two and three-fourths times as large as the present Atmeidan.

To re-create, to reconstruct that Hippodrome in its vast extent ; to present it with its walls and gates and ranges of marble seats ; to re-adorn it with its precious statues and works of art ; to populate it once again with the men and factions who thronged its benches ; to re-enact some of the scenes of which in successive centuries it has been the centre—is the task I propose myself in this paper.

To the Hippodrome of Constantinople in study and private research I have devoted the spare hours of many months. To obtain a true and definite conception of its form, dimensions and details, has been an arduous and has seemed at times a hopeless attempt. Its remains are dilapidated and few. Time has piled the earth twelve feet deep over the arena where its chariots rolled. Of constant mention in Byzantine authors, their references are scattered,

disconnected and (worst of all) most often contradictory of each other. The archæologists of later or contemporaneous times who have sought to correlate these earlier statements and ascertain the truth, have differed as largely in their results. Moreover, hardly an antiquarian has studied the Hippodrome for its own sake. Its investigation has ever been subsidiary to something else. Labarte and Paspatis discuss it only so far as it is auxiliary to and connected with the Imperial Palace, the immediate subject of their conscientious research. Bondelmonti, Peter Gyllius, Ducange, Tournefort, the tireless Scarlatus Byzantius, the learned and most reverend patriarch Constantius I., the imperial scribe Constantine VII., Porphyrogenitus, all of them laborious scholars, treat of it only in connection with a hundred or a thousand other topics.

It is strange that so very few have paid to it the attention it deserves. By its vastness it dwarfed every other edifice, not only in Constantinople, but throughout the Roman East. Its direction determined that of every other building in its vicinity. It shaped the form of the Augustéon; compelled the Imperial Palace to lie parallel to its side; forced inflexible Orthodoxy to incline the walls of its holiest cathedral, so that its nave should run perpendicular to the Hippodrome, and not, as in nearly every other Eastern Church, from west to east. Well may Rambaud exclaim: "The axis of the Hippodrome was the pivot round which revolved all the "Byzantine world!"

The erection of the Hippodrome is due to the two Roman Emperors, Septimius Severus and Constantine the Great, who, each in turn, besieged Byzantium and captured it by storm. The siege by Severus is the most memorable in Byzantine history. Faithful, during his lifetime to the cause and for two years after his death, to the memory of Pescennius Niger, the rival of Severus in claim to the imperial throne, for three years Byzantium withstood all the forces of the Roman Empire.

In their dire extremity the starving defenders sustained *themselves* upon human flesh. In 197 Severus triumphed.

He visited the heroic city with ignoble revenge:—the garrison and all the magistrates were put to death; the high broad walls, its stones bound together by clamps of iron, its glory, the bulwark of civilization against the hordes of the north, were levelled with the ground; the soil, whereon they stood, furrowed with the plough.

Byzantium, its name changed to Antonia or Antonina, was made subject to Perinthus (Heraclea), now Érégli, on the Marmora, a city which, before, the haughty Byzantines had honoured with their aversion and disdain. It is an interesting relic of this temporary subjection that ever since, the Ecumenical Patriarch, after election, receives enthronement or consecration to his holy office at the hands of the Metropolitan of Heraclea. Six years after, Severus visited the city he had ruined. The bloody rage of triumph and resentment had cooled. With the glance of a statesman he saw how unequalled was the site. He began to restore the walls he had destroyed. Half in expiation for the cruel past, half in anticipation of the city's certain future, he determined to erect outside the former limits some edifice sufficiently magnificent and vast for the amusement of a teeming populace. *Roman to Severus?*

The chief delights of the ancients were found in the Theatre, the Hippodrome, the Stadium, the Amphitheatre, and the Circus. Between these five a broad distinction must be borne in mind, as they are often confounded. They differed largely from each other as to shape of structure and as to the entertainment therein provided. The Theatre had the form of a semi-circle, its sides somewhat prolonged. There the spectators admired the actors, as upon the scene or stage they represented human life or passion, or discussed with pantomime and gesture the character and achievements of the gods. The Amphitheatre was in shape two theatres, two semi-circles of lengthened sides, united so as to form a short ellipse. The sports were savage and bloody, consisting of battles to the death of gladiators against each other, or of gladiators and wild beasts. The Stadium was a race-course, not for horses, but for men; its length five times its breadth, one end terminating in a semi-circle

and the other in a wall perpendicular to its sides. The Roman Circus and the Greek Hippodrome each had the general shape of a Stadium. The Circus and the Hippodrome had much in common both in construction and design, but were different in details, according to the taste and genius of the two peoples. Chariot races, wherein the eye should dwell enraptured upon the beauty and swiftness of the steeds, but, above all, upon the manliness and ability of the charioteer, were their chief charm. Dancers, wrestlers, rope-walkers, magicians, whoever knew the secret of some trick, or could perform an athletic feat, there too exhibited their skill.

To the brutal taste of the Roman populace, no sight was so fair as flowing blood. To them there was a savage joy when they beheld the weapon of the swordsman, or the claws of wild beasts rending the living flesh. But the Amphitheatre was abhorrent to the more refined people of the East. Though numerous Amphitheatres were scattered all over Western Europe, very few were ever built within the limits of the Eastern Empire, those only where Roman influence and manners were most powerful, and hardly one within the boundaries of ancient Greece. The Stadium was too small in its dimensions and too tame in its contests. The noblest functions of the Theatre seemed already passed away. Men no longer hung enrapt on the unrivalled tragedies of Eschylus and Sophocles, or the biting comedies of Aristophanes. No new comedists had arisen to take their place. The less dignified amusements of the theatre, the cunning feats of acrobats, ventriloquists and jugglers, dear to the wondering stare of every age, would stand out in less bold relief on the scene of the theatre than on the spina, the *ράχis* or *νύσσα* of the Circus or the Hippodrome.

A Hippodrome, immense in its proportions, Severus determined should be his fitting gift. The region about Byzantium presented no spot specially adapted to the erection of such a building. He required a valley between two adjacent gently inclining hills. On the slopes should be built the ascending rows of seats, and the valley between

levelled to a plane surface of sufficient length and breadth. Still the absence of proper hillsides was often remedied by walls built on arches, supporting the tiers of seats, though at greater cost of money and labour. Another greater difficulty remained. The land near the city, cut by ravines and hillocks, each plane surface of insufficient length and terminating too abruptly, presented no level ground on which to stretch a fit arena. Hardly any spot could be more unfavourable to his design than the vicinity of Byzantium. But nothing was impossible to a Roman sovereign. For him to will or wish, was for man and nature to obey. Directly west of Byzantium, close to the city, was a strip of land, which tradition asserts was the property of two brothers and a widow. The surface of this patch was less broken than other territory near. All travellers by the Stamboul tramway will recall the sudden curve, the sharp angle to the right, which the street, the old Divan Yolessi, makes, as it leaves behind St. Sophia, and has on its left, the Atmeidan. From a little to the north, to the right, of this tramway street—where, then, of course, no thoroughfare existed—this strip of land reached southward, almost as far as where is now the tottering built column. Its length was thus about four-fifths that of the present Atmeidan. Thence began an abrupt, in places a precipitous, descent toward the sea.

Severus determined that this level surface should be carried 500 feet further south, beyond the sharp descent and the precipice; that, piling arch on arch, over columns of solid masonry, he would raise a new surface, thus supported, which should stand sixty feet in air above the old surface below. Here, on these artificial foundations, he would erect the semi-circular part of the Hippodrome, which the Greeks call well the Sphendoné. Despite the conflagrations and earthquakes that have rocked the city, those foundations still exist. The southern part of the Atmeidan, the School des Arts et des Métiers, dozens of Turkish dwellings, rest upon them. Just beyond the Atmeidan a road descends to the right. On the left hand of this road one sees a small iron door built in the wall;

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somebody is ever near with a ready key to throw the door wide open to the curiosity of the passer-by. The stranger may enter and wander at will up and down those vaulted passages that Severus built. Any one who has never seen these foundations will do well to enter that little door ; or let him follow the road still further down toward Kutchuk Aya Sophia. Then, from the street beneath, let him look up toward the inarched colossal mass of brick and mortar, overawed as the gazer is sure to be, at the imperishability and vastness of this masonry of Rome.

All the work thus far accomplished was distinct from, and preliminary to, the construction of the Hippodrome. It consisted simply in the preparation of a level area where the Hippodrome should stand. Severus had barely commenced the erection of the wall on the right, or western, side and of its benches and ornaments, when he was called away by a rebellion in the West. He never came to the East again. In 211 he died, at Eboracum, the city of York, where, sixty-one years after, a greater than Severus, destined to complete the work Severus had but begun, to transform Byzantium into Constantinople and to revolutionise the world's professed faith, Constantine himself, should be proclaimed as emperor. It is a strange coincidence that of the two imperial builders of the Hippodrome, the one, Severus, should die, and the other, Constantine, should be invested with the purple in that same city of York, in distant England.

In 323 Byzantium espoused the cause of Licinius against Constantine, and adhered with its old time heroic fidelity to the illfated sovereign of its choice. Constantine by a fierce siege crushed the resistance of the city. He proved himself a more generous conqueror than Severus had been. Years after, determining to enthrone Byzantium under a new name and with wider boundaries, as the capital of the world, he resumed with feverish activity the construction of the Hippodrome. This had remained untouched over a hundred years, incomplete, in the state in which Severus left it. Apparently, Constantine modified none of the details in the original plan. It had been projected by its

first designer on sufficiently magnificent a scale to be in keeping with the greatness and glory of the city which had superseded Rome.

The 11th of May, 330, was the proudest day in Constantine's marvellous career. It was the baptismal day of the new metropolis, which he had given to civilization and christianity. Its inaugural rites were celebrated in the Hippodrome, which was itself inaugurated that same day. The great procession of all that was mightiest and most gorgeous in the State, swept into the enclosure of the Hippodrome. The Emperor ascended to his throne in the chamber of the Tribunal (commonly called the Kathisma), whence he could behold the thousands of his subjects. Around him stood the surviving members of the exalted Flavian family. His children's mother, the fair Fausta, whom he had smothered in the bath, and his oldest son Crispus, whom he had unjustly condemned, were indeed wanting. His mother, St. Helena, had just died, but the most of the imperial house were there. That many of those princes were in after years to die in open war against each other or by secret assassination, no seer or prophet beholding the brilliant spectacle, could have foretold. Their approaching destiny cast no shadow upon the splendour of the scene. In the lodges stretching on either side to the east and west limits of the Hippodrome, were the members of the just created Senate, the Consuls, the grand officials, the chief generals of the State.

In the lower range of seats, the podium, were patricians and magistrates, wearing the new robes of their newly assumed offices. Ranged on the benches, thronging the lofty promenade, were the citizens of every rank, many with their wives. Over beyond the Gate of the Dead, in the Sphendoné, to its topmost range, seethed the packed multitude of the rabble. With rites partly christian and still more pagan, the Hippodrome was set apart to the service of the city, and the city itself was consecrated to Christ. By the lips of the patriarch, the new name Nova Roma was pronounced, which should blot out the heathen name and the heathen past of old Byzantium.

Meanwhile, soldiers wrapped in long mantles and bearing lighted candles, placed a statue near the centre of the arena. This had before set forth the divine beauty of the god Apollo, but now, its name and features changed, was regarded as the image of the Emperor. The people falling on their knees paid homage to the statue and then bore it reverently to the Forum, there to surmount the porphyry pillar, familiar to us all as the burnt column, *Κεκαυμένη στήλη*, Tchemberli Tash.

To the enlargement and adornment of the new capital, all the untold wealth of the Roman Empire, artistic, inventive, financial, had been devoted during the preceding years.

The resources and energies of the mightiest empire in Europe—expended by the grandest of all her czars upon the city of the Neva—were trivial and cheap compared with the exhaustless treasures Constantine could lavish upon the city of the Marmora and of the Golden Horn. Peter could adorn his capital only with what Russian art could devise, or Russian gold could buy. Constantine, sole sovereign of the sole empire on the globe, had but to breathe his wish, to raise his finger—and all the treasures of classic art, unequalled to this day, from all over the civilized world, might pour to this single harbour like rivers to one sea. From Greece and the Grecian isles, from Syria, and Egypt, and Africa, from Spain, from southern Gaul, from Italy, aye, even from dismantled Rome herself—from wherever there was that which was classic, that which was rare, that which was priceless—it had been brought over land and sea to deck the world's new queen. The world was richer then in creations of the sculptor's art, than it is to-day. Few ancient masterpieces have come down to us escaping iconoclastic or barbaric rage. On that 11th of May, the rising sun looked down upon more numerous and more varied masterpieces of bronze and marble, gathered within the limits of Constantinople, than have ever been brought together in any other city on which his beams have shone. In the *Augustéon*, the Forum, near the churches, around the Imperial Palace, their crowded

pedestals stood side by side. But it was the Hippodrome which afforded the most imposing stage for their display, and it was the Hippodrome which was the most adorned. Along the promenade, the podium, through the passages, between the seats, everywhere statues and delicate carvings bewildered the beholder's gaze. The long stretch of the spina, the central line of the arena, around which the chariots revolved, was covered with those larger monuments which overwhelm rather than delight.

The names and subjects of many wonders gathered within the Hippodrome we know, though but a small proportion of the entire number. I will mention a few only of the most famous. (1) On the spina stood a bronze statue of Hercules, disarmed and sorrowing. So colossal was it that a man of ordinary height reached only to its knee. This, esteemed the masterpiece of Lysippus, the foremost artist of his time, had been brought from Rome. (2) The Brazen Eagle, with extended wings that seemed to fly, grasping a serpent in his talons—in after years invested by vulgar credulity with the power of expelling serpents from the city. (3) The gigantic Maiden, holding in her right hand an armed horseman seated on his steed, the whole so perfectly poised that the horse and his rider were upheld by no other support than the maiden's hand. (4) The Poisoned Bull, dying in torment, and so lifelike that one half-listened for the death roar. (5) The She-Wolf and Hyæna, brought from Antioch. On the pedestal in 1185 (855 years after), the Emperor Andronicus Comnenus was attached, that the people who had suffered from his inhuman cruelty might enjoy his death agony. (6) The Virgin Goddess Diana, toward the north of the spina, near where the wrestlers contended. (7) The Brazen Ass and its Driver. This was the original. The Emperor Augustus Cæsar deemed a copy a worthy votive offering to set up in Nicopolis in commemoration of the decisive fight at Actium, which made him victorious over Mark Antony and ruler of Rome. (8) The Calydonian Boar that gnashed its tuskless mouth. This, in the ninth century, the mad Emperor Alexander (brother of Leo the Philosopher)

in his frenzy imagined to be the image of himself. The snout of this boar 300 years later still, the superstitious Empress Euphrosyne, wife of Alexius Angelus, hacked off with her own white hands. (9) The Helen of Paris and of Menelaus, so fatally fair that the gazer lost in admiration, wondered no longer at the Trojan War. (10) Eight Sphinxes propounding the world's enigmas according to the conception and form of various lands. (11) The God of Wealth, not as Greek or Roman master, but as the Arabian artist conceived him. (12) The Enraged Elephant, so monstrous and grotesque that the children trembled at its bulk, but laughed at its rage. (13) The Wounded Hero struggling with the Lion, beholding which many a person thought the hero was alive.

Numerous as were the works of art already gathered there by Constantine, many additions were made during the 700 succeeding years. At last, in the twelfth century, Nicetas Choniates exclaims, "There are as many heroes, emperors, "gods, along the seats of the Hippodrome as there are living "men!" But the later contributions added rather to the sculptured populousness than to the real adornment of the Hippodrome. It became a Walhalla of famous and heroic, even of common forms, rather than an assemblage of ideal creations exquisite to the eye. The mediæval, like the modern sculptor, could not vie with the sculptor of the classic past. Still, it was much to behold the chiselled features and form of the early Roman emperors, Augustus, Diocletian, Valentinian, Theodosius, and many more who in marble repose seemed still presiding at the games. The statues of the famous charioteers, Porphyrius, Constantinus, Faustus, Thomas, and many more, inspired their successors with keener emulation to attain like renown. The earlier and later martyrs, the noblest patricians, the mightiest warriors, the celebrated physicians, teachers, lawyers, philosophers, even the dwarfs whose faces were most wrinkled or whose stature was most stunted, and the eunuchs of widest influence, were immortalized in bronze or marble likenesses in the strange assembly.

Of all the statues existing in the Hippodrome in the

time of Constantine, the most widely known in subsequent history are the four Gilded Steeds. The mystery of their origin and of their subsequent wanderings, more even than their perfection of design or execution, have conspired to make them famous.

In 1204 the robber chieftains of the Fourth Crusade sent a group of four horses of Corinthian brass from this city to Venice as part of their plunder. Thence the conquests of Napoleon brought them to Paris to adorn the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. Since 1815 they stand as guardians over the main entrance to the Cathedral of St. Mark. It is a disputed point by what artist they were cast, when and where they were made, and whence they were first brought to Constantinople. One historian definitely says that four gilded horses of Corinthian brass stood over the palace of the Tribunal or Kathisma, facing the northern goal; another that four such horses were placed on or near the lodge of the empress and her suite. It is commonly stated that four were cast under the direction of Lysippus, one of the horses being the work of his own hands, and that they first fronted a temple in Corinth; that Mummius brought them to Rome to adorn the square of the Senate; that they crowned later the triumphal arch of Nero and of Trajan, and that at last Constantine removed them to Constantinople. But the historian Anonymus as well as Papias and Codinus, distinctly declare that Theodosius II. brought them from Chios to the Hippodrome. I know but one solution that reconciles all these statements: a solution, moreover, in accordance with reason and probability. It is that there were two groups, each of four horses, and that each stood where the historians state; one on the roof of the palace of the Kathisma over the throne, and the other above or near the lodge of the empress: that in the lapse of time one group like so many other artistic treasures, disappeared. The ancients specially delighted in the grace and fiery beauty of the horse. As on the friezes and pediment of Parthenon, so on tombs and altars and temples everywhere, the horse with arched neck and prancing hoof, was, next to

the human form, the artist's favourite subject. In that spacious edifice devoted to the chariot and the horse, where the contests were almost always between yokes of four and where statues of every subject and sort abounded, it would be strange even if in bronze or marble only one group of four chariot horses was to be found. My supposition removes every difficulty in reference to these famous horses. Every other explanation is confronted by endless contradictions and absurdities of statement, impossible to reconcile or understand.

For my own instruction and amusement I once made a comparative table of the various dimensions of the Hippodrome, as given by twelve different authorities. As to any detail of measurement, very seldom did any two authorities agree. The length of the Hippodrome as given by Dr. Paspatis, and also by Professor Paparregopoulos, is  $1,597\frac{1}{2}$  feet; but according to Wheeler, an English traveller, is only 125 feet, not a twelfth of Dr. Paspatis' estimate, or  $1,472\frac{1}{2}$  feet less! The greatest breadth is 607 feet, as given by Peter Gyllius, with whom Labarte coincides, and 65 feet, as given by Wheeler, barely more than one-tenth of the estimate of Peter Gyllius. Between these extreme statements range in progression the estimates of the other authorities. Only two, however, make the length less than 1,000 feet, or the breadth less than 225. Absolute accuracy is, indeed, unattainable in Constantinople on a question like this. The use of surveyor's chain and instruments, or even of a measuring line, is impossible. However liberal-minded and favorable to research be the Ottoman Government, the common people are less enlightened and more suspicious. One awakens the annoying, and perhaps the dangerous, curiosity of unsavory, though doubtless well-washed citizens, if he paces back and forth too often across the Atmeidan. "Né istersiniz?" "Né ichin bouraya boukadar chok ghelyorsiniz?" is asked in what are sometimes only the vulgar tones of a vacant mind, but more often with the look expressive of the inborn hatred and distrust felt by ignorance toward what it does not understand. The buildings on the southern side, on the

foundations of the Sphendoné, and the impossibility of pacing in a straight line, render accuracy all the more remote. But such differences in measurement as I have referred to are astounding and without excuse.

Before I give my own figures I wish to make two preliminary statements. (a) I can recall no circus or hippodrome whose length was less than 1,000 feet. Our Hippodrome's extent, every reason would lead us to expect, must be not less, but more. (b) In other circuses or hippodromes the length was not in less proportion to the breadth than three-and-one-half to one, and sometimes was as great as six to one. That is, the length was elsewhere always from three-and-one-half to six times the breadth. The Circus Maximus at Rome, the typical construction, was 2,187 feet by 625, exactly three-and-one-half to one. The Circus Maxentius, very long in proportion to its width, was 1,607 feet by 263, or six to one. It is almost certain that our Hippodrome will differ in proportion from no building of its class, and will be at least three-and-one-half times longer than broad. The authors whose conclusions contradict these two preliminary statements are of two classes. The first class consists of those who, like Labarte, never visited Constantinople, never even saw the surface of the ground which in topographical treatise they endeavour to describe. Their deductions can possess no more real value than the inferences of a learned blind man concerning the relation of colors. Topographical study, above almost any other, demands personal investigation, the exercise of one's own eyesight upon the subject described. Labarte, though diligent and careful, falls into errors which a walk across the Atmeidan would have corrected, and which vitiate his entire work. For example, he says "L'obélisque de granit "et l'obélisque de pierre qui nous ont donné la direction du "grand axe de l'Hippodrome, sont, avec la colonne des "Serpents dont nous parlerons plus loin, les *seuls vestiges* "subsistants de l'Hippodrome," ignorant of the vast foundations of the Sphendoné still existing, which give us both the southern limit and the width of the Hippodrome. A still graver mistake, the one destroying the value of all he

says concerning the situation of the Augustéon and of the Imperial Palace, is that he makes the grand axis of the Hippodrome 673 feet distant from the nearest parallel side of St. Sophia, an exaggeration of over 400 feet. But on this 400 feet of distance, thus gained on paper but not existent in fact, depends his localization of the Augustéon and of the Imperial Palace. The second class consists of those who like Wheeler did not, or like Peter Gyllius, in most cases could not measure, but only guessed. Guess, I need not remind the British portion of my readers, is a familiar word in classic English, nearly obsolete in England, but like many other early phrases, preserved in the common speech of the United States, and having there, as in the elevated diction of Pope and Milton, the meaning of to "judge at random."

To obtain the length and breadth of the Hippodrome we have certain sure indications to guide us. In fact, were it not for the superstitious opposition and distrust of the lower classes, it would be possible to obtain these dimensions to the accuracy of an inch. The obelisk occupies the exact centre of the Hippodrome. The obelisk, the serpent, the built column (the three in an exact straight line), give three points—in fact as in geometry only two are needed—through which passes the axis, the central line, of the Hippodrome, dividing it into two equal portions, east and west. The Sphendoné, whose foundations still exist, was its extreme southern limit. Hence the line drawn from the obelisk through the built pillar to the extremity of the Sphendoné, is exactly one-half the Hippodrome's length: of course, when multiplied by two, the exact length. The diameter, or chord, subtending the semi-circle or Sphendoné, measured the Hippodrome's exact breadth. Pardon my dwelling so minutely on these plain details. They are self-evident as axioms; simple as Columbus' feat of standing the egg on end; but in them lies the solution of the problem, and forgetfulness or disregard of these clear factors, is responsible for the extravagant or contradictory statements of very many writers.

Pacing, carefully and many times, the distance from the

middle of the obelisk, to the extreme point of the Sphendoné, I find the average number of paces is 353; the entire length would hence be 706 paces. The average length of my pace being 1 foot  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches, gives  $1,382\frac{1}{2}$  feet. As to the width of the Sphendoné, I could make no approximation in paces that satisfied myself. Pacing across was out of the question; every method pursued gave me a widely different result. So I determined to follow the figures given by Dr. Paspatis, whose faithful and painstaking attention to details is a chief title to the deserved respect in which his researches are held. He reckons the diameter of the Sphendoné at 158 paces of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet each; hence its entire breadth, the breadth of the Hippodrome, is 395 feet. The dimensions we have then are  $1,382\frac{1}{2}$  feet by 395. In this result the proportions in my preliminary observation are perfectly preserved. We have the length exactly three and one-half times the breadth. In numbers easier for the memory the prodigious structure is 1,400 feet by 400. From the obelisk to the tramway street is 571 feet. Hence the Hippodrome extended across the street and included land a few feet beyond it to the north. The entire area covered, according to my estimate, is 535,866 square feet or 12.3 acres. The surface now occupied by the Atmeidan is 195,810 square feet; hence the present Atmeidan is but four-elevenths as large as the ancient Hippodrome. Such dimensions are bewildering and seem hard of belief to us who live in a sober age, so serious that it has small sympathy with or comprehension of the pleasure-loving past.

To Constantinople, the world's capital, though less populous than Rome, the Hippodrome was the centre, almost the only place of public amusement. Then, public pleasures were gratuitous, and free to all; to-day they are only for the small proportion who can pay. San Carlo, most spacious theatre in the world, has room for only 4,000 spectators; while the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens could contain 30,000. Gradually, in the lapse of centuries, the few have monopolised the world's amusements.

We boast a higher civilization and a purer faith than the

paganism of antiquity, or the confused christianity of the early middle ages. Yet, as a mere pleasure-loving, food-requiring creature, the pauper, could he choose, would prefer to dwell in autocratic Constantinople or despotic Rome 1,500 years ago, than to-day in the most civilized city of the globe. Then, at least, bread and the circus, enough of food and enough of pleasure to make the penniless forget his poverty, was in the reach of all.

The direction of the Hippodrome was north, north-east and south, south-west, deviating thus just  $22\frac{1}{2}$  degrees from a due north and south line.

The internal arrangement and appearance of the Hippodrome is made much clearer by the accompanying chart. This chart is not a copy of some plan found elsewhere. In fact, no plan of the Hippodrome that I have anywhere seen, answers, in my opinion, to the requirements of the Byzantine authors, nor to the picture which my study of the subject has gradually traced in my mind.

The Hippodrome was bounded on the northern side by a long structure, reaching, nearly perpendicularly, entirely across. The first or ground story of this edifice formed a spacious magazine of whatever appertained to the games. Here were the colonnaded porticoes which the Romans called *carceres* and the Greeks *μάργαρα*. Here were the apartments of the attendants and servants, the store houses of the chariots, the stalls of the horses, the great room wherein the huge awning and its apparatus were kept, the depositories of every accessory of each performer and charioteer. Here, too, was the arsenal, ever stored with weapons and machines of war. All this space was separated from the arena, not by a wall, but by pillars with latticed gates. The form that this story presented to the spectators in their seats was that of a series of arched porticoes in close succession. Before each race the eager populace could discern, through the grilled gateway, the pawing steeds and their impatient riders. Of the size and number of these gates we have no definite information. In the Circus Maximus at Rome there were twelve. So I have *represented* twelve upon the chart. In the Circus Maximus

there was also a great gateway at the centre ; but in the Hippodrome there existed no such central main entrance superior to the other gateways of the carceres. The breadth of the arena I judge was 204 feet, which would allow twelve gateways, 14 feet in width, separated by a pillar three feet wide, each pillar subtending an arch. The first gate would stand  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet distant from the extreme eastern side of the arena, and the twelfth gate  $1\frac{1}{3}$  feet from its western side. By the gate of Decimus, represented on the chart, the persons attached to the service of the Hippodrome entered from the city. Close to the left hand of this gate was the little church or oratory, where, before the contests, the rivals played. x

This ground story was about twenty feet high. On it rested the Palace of the Kathisma or Tribunal. In the centre of this palace rose, one story higher still, the platform or Kathisma proper (from which the palace derived its name), supported upon twenty-four marble pillars, on whose very front was the Emperor's throne. On either side of the throne stood favorite courtiers, and close behind, picked members of the Imperial Guard. Of the relative position of the Emperor, courtiers and select guard, a vivid picture is preserved in the carvings on the pedestal of the obelisk. To the right and left of the throne, but on the lower or second story, were the lodges of the ambassadors, generals, and grand dignitaries. On the same level as these lodges, but directly in front of the Emperor, extended the staging, also supported upon pillars, which the Greeks called the  $\Pi$ , from its resemblance to the Greek letter  $\pi$ . This was the station reserved to the standard bearers and to the main body of the Imperial Armenian Guard, a troop through many years constantly recruited and famed for their fidelity and courage. Back of the Emperor's throne were the steps, up which before the games began, each high officer was obliged to come that he might prostrate himself at the Emperor's feet. Though the Palace of the Kathisma seemed rather a tier of lodges as in a theatre than a royal residence, it contained a dining room, a bedchamber, a dressing room,

a hall wherein the Emperor was robed and crowned, and several other apartments. In that bedchamber the Emperor Michael III. was wounded unto death by his successor Basil, and cast, wrapped in a horse's blanket, still breathing, headlong into the Hippodrome on a heap of horse's dung.

North of the Hippodrome, connected with it and the palace, was the Imperial Church of St. Stephen, through which by a secret spiral stairway, called the *Κοχλίας*, the snail, and not by the common steps, the Emperor always ascended to the Kathisma. That secret staircase, which Codinus calls "dark and gloomy," saw many an assassination and deed of blood. Often the Emperors must have shivered as in lonely majesty they passed up those steps which only anointed feet could tread. Nor was the throne when reached so sure a refuge. The five days' Emperor, Hypatius, was torn from it to be murdered. The Emperors Maurice, Anastasius II., Theophilus, Romanus I., Michael V., were at different times driven from it by a cloud of stones, when they would harangue the people. The Emperor Phocas, from it hurled handful after handful of gold coins to purchase popular favour; the people gathered up the coins, and insulted him upon his seat by every epithet that contempt or hatred could devise. Justinian the Great stood upon it to make an eloquent plea, but could get no hearing from his irreverent subjects, who screamed from 40,000 throats, "Thou liest; be still, 'thou donkey!' "*Ψεύδειςαι, σιώπα, γάδαρα!*"

During the early period the Empress had her station near that of the Emperor. So on the right-hand face of the pedestal of the obelisk one sees to-day in the bas-relief the Empress Flaccilla seated at the side of her husband Theodosius, surrounded by her children and beholding the arena. But the Western custom soon yielded to the prejudices of the East. Far down the western side of the Hippodrome, nearly opposite the built column, a gorgeous chamber with latticed windows was erected, designed for the Empress and her retinue; this was supported on four porphyry pillars, and hence called the tetrakion. Close

beside this chamber, during the more solemn festivals, were placed the images of the Emperors crowned with laurel. When the General Chrispus wedded Domentia, daughter of the tyrant Emperor Phocas, the demarchs placed the images of the bridegroom and imperial bride adorned with garlands near the garlanded image of the Emperor. Thus they hoped to gratify the half-mad tyrant. Phocas, from his throne in the Kathisma, perceived the images and was frenzied with rage. He instantly gave orders that the demarchs should be put to death as traitors and rebels, and was only persuaded to forgive their crime by the united prayer of the people present.

The eastern, western, and southern portions of the Hippodrome were occupied by ascending and descending parallel rows of seats or standing places, appropriated to the spectators according to their degree. These benches were at first of wood, and rested on vaulted brick arches, wherein the architects were prodigal of material, labour, and strength. The lowest range, the most honorable, the one nearest the arena, was raised nearly thirteen feet above the level of the ground. It was surrounded by a polished marble rim, or railing, nearly three feet high. This was wider than the higher ranges, afforded place for, or was provided with, movable seats, and was reserved to such magistrates and patricians as would not be admitted by their rank within the charmed vicinity of their sovereign. This, the *βουλευτικὸν* of Greece, was something like the podium of Rome.

Behind rose benches, tier on tier, in nearly equal succession, until half way to the top. There a broad passage separated the lower rows from those above. The rows were terminated at the top by a spacious promenade. This promenade bounded the entire extent of the Hippodrome, save where rose the Palace of the Kathisma, on the northern side. The promenade was without roof or covering. So were apparently the seats in the semi-circular portion or Sphendoné. But gigantic awnings, called *βῆλα* stretched at will to protect from rain or sun the spectators on the east and west.

No Theatre, no Palace, no public edifice, has to-day a promenade so magnificent. Standing nearly forty feet above the ground beneath, protected by a solid marble railing reaching to the breast, the spectator had a spacious avenue, 2,766 feet long, in which to walk. Did he cast his eye within? All the pomp and pageantry of imperial and popular display were before his gaze. The contests that stirred his blood and fired his sympathy were as brilliant and as ardent as human ingenuity could provide. When tired of living humanity, its struggles, its restless glories, its hot ambitions—the fairest, the most ethereal forms that esthetic touch has summoned into being, were on every side in the perfect majesty of perfect peace! If, as he strolled along that lofty marble way, he turned his glance without, he saw, piled high around, the countless, imposing structures of the Metropolis, “Of that city that, for more than half a thousand years, was the most elegant, the most civilized, almost the only polished and civilized city in the world.” Beyond were the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping, the Bosphorus in its winding beauty, the Marmora studded with islands, and fringing the Asiatic coast, the long line of the Arganthonius Mountains, and the peaks of the Bithynian Olympus, glittering with eternal snow, all combining in a panorama which, even now, no other city of mankind can rival.

How many spectators the Hippodrome could contain it is impossible to tell. Sixty thousand is a moderate estimate; without doubt, ample space was afforded for twenty thousand more. In the delirium of the race—ease, rank, office, wealth—all was forgotten; no barriers of marble railing, far less of class, could keep them apart. Treading on each other's feet, raised on each other's shoulders, close-wedged from podium to promenade against each other's side, in one solid human mass, one hundred thousand people, fused into a common passion, might glue their eyes upon the chariot and the goal.

But the Hippodrome was almost destitute of the chief charm, of the source of inspiration, in the tournaments of the Middle Ages. Sir Galahad's heart swelled in the

knightly verse of Tennyson as his fancy dwelt on the one priceless reward of manly prowess :—

“ The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
 The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
 The horse and rider reel :  
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
 And when the tide of combat stands,  
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers  
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands :  
 How sweet are looks that ladies' bend  
 On whom their favors fall ! ”

The presence and admiration of the fairer sex was seldom granted to the charioteer. Behind the latticed windows might sit the Empress in stiff, impassive state, and the ladies of honor as seemingly emotionless in her train. But others of their sex were rarely present. It was deemed unseemly for a woman to frequent the Hippodrome. No such exclusion prevailed in the Roman Circus. In the Amphitheatre or the Theatre, it is true they were allowed only the most retired and undesirable places, but at the Circus they sat side by side with the men. So Ovid advises every young man in love to assuage the pangs of his woeful heart by frequenting the Circus. There the love-lorn young man might sit beside his fair one, or at least beside some other maiden who might remind him of her!

I estimate that twelve feet were occupied by the promenade, and eighty by the rows of seats. Therefore, subtracting twice their sum or 184 from 395 feet, the entire width of the Hippodrome, there remains a space for arena and euripus 211 feet wide and 1,190 long. This was absolutely level, after each race raked smooth, and before and after sprinkled over with light yellow sand. In the Circus the arena was separated always from the wall of the podium by a trench or ditch about twelve feet wide. This was to prevent ferocious animals in their fear or fury, from bounding from the arena among the spectators. In the Hippodrome exhibition of wild beasts at liberty, was comparatively rare. It is mentioned with wonder that

Justinian who spent enormous sums for the gratification of the people, during his consulship, one day let loose twenty lions and thirty leopards in the arena. In any case the elevation of the podium and the marble rim around it, were deemed a sufficient protection. The arena was bounded by a narrow walk, called the Euripus, which seems to have been paved in tessellated stone. At the dedication of the Hippodrome and of the City, this Euripus was piled with cakes and garden vegetables and fish, which were thrown in sign of prosperity and plenty among the crowds.

The semi-circular southern portion of the arena, that included in the curve of the Sphendoné, was not appropriated to the games, but served a sadder purpose. Here criminals and captives were brought and forced to stand, objects of insult and disdain, while their fellow-citizens in freedom and joy crowded the benches. Here, too, was the place of execution. Advocates of capital punishment here saw its beneficent influences exercised, under every advantage, to the full.

Nor was it the traitor and murderer alone who here met his doom. Byzantium laments that "there took place the bloody deaths of not only magicians, heretics, and apostates, but even of patriarchs and emperors." Martyrs to a truth or a folly there died as sublimely as at Smithfield, or Geneva, or Madrid. The Inquisition never existed in the East. Theologic controversy, indeed, tore the heart of the Eastern Empire and the Eastern Church as it has never convulsed the West. Yet—despite the horrors of successive struggles over questions above or beneath human reason; despite the fact that the fanatic is the dark creation of no one age, or land, or faith, but is found everywhere and among them all—it is to the glory of the Eastern Church that persecution has so seldom received her approval, and has been so rare in her history. Still, though less red than her Catholic and Protestant sisters, her skirts are not free from blood. In that place of execution was burned to death Basil, chief of the Bogomiles, condemned by the unanimous voice of the Patriarch

Nicolas III., of the Holy Synod, and the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. As the fair historian, Anna Comnena, tells the story: he died chanting the triumphant psalm of David, "It shall not come nigh thee, only with thine eyes shalt thou see and behold the reward of the wicked," and in rapture at imaginary troops of angels who, he thought, hovered near to deliver his body from all injury by the flames. There, too, flames consumed all that remained of the iconoclastic Emperor Constantine V. Copronymus. The Emperor Michael, with sacrilegious zeal, wrenched open the coffin lid beneath which his dead predecessor, Constantine V. had lain for ninety years, tore out the bones from which the flesh had long fallen away, and, by the hands of the common executioner, cast them into the fire. Let not that irreverent deed be too abhorrent in our eyes. Such hideous scenes have not taken place alone in the Middle Ages and on Eastern soil. Not 230 years have gone by since the body of Oliver Cromwell, after mouldering more than two years in the tomb, was torn from the grave and submitted to insults more inhuman and a treatment more revolting. This was done, not 1,000 years ago, in a superstitious age, but 100 years after the Reformation, by order of a Protestant King and with the sanction of a Protestant Clergy.

Simeon, King of the Bulgarians, was in the tenth century the terror of the Emperor Romanus I. Lecapenus. Constantly beaten in battle, even after securing generous terms of peace, the timorous Emperor could not rest while his conqueror lived. A little image of wax, made to represent the Bulgarian king, was brought into the Sphendoné, and in pantomime put to death. When the waxen head fell, by the knife, from the waxen body, the Emperor believed the death of Simeon was made sure. His faith in this manner of combating a powerful foe received fresh strength when Simeon died in May that same year!

The Spina was a wall, four feet in height, lying parallel to and in the very centre of the arena. It well deserved the name of Spina among the Romans and of *πάχυν* among the Greeks, for it was the spine, the back-bone of the

whole hippodromic body. A stadium, 607 English feet in length, it marked and governed the beginning, duration and end of each course. A perfect race consisted in seven times making its circuit. The skill of the charioteer and his mastery of his horses were fullest shown as he turned its rounded extremity, the *metæ*, *καμπτήρες*, or goals; the closer he hugged them, the shorter the distance to traverse; but also more imminent the danger of disaster and death. The races beginning to the right of the Emperor's throne, the charioteer always had the Spina on his left. The goals, nominally part of the Spina, were separated from it by a passage whose breadth was equal to the Spina's width. The northern was called the Goal of the Blues; the southern, Goal of the Greens. On each goal were three small obelisks on a line perpendicular to the direction of the Hippodrome. On the northern or second goal—so called, because, though the starting point, it completed the second half of a circuit—stood the mapparius, his mappa or handkerchief in his hand, his eye intently fixed on the director of the games. The instant the mapparius caught the signal from the lodge to the left of the Emperor's throne, or from the judge's stand, his handkerchief would drop, each gate before the stalls be thrown wide open, and the chariots rush forth in furious rivalry. This was the preliminary dash for position, in which each charioteer aimed straight for the northern goal. It is a curious fact that each chariot's place back of the gate before the race, was assigned by lot; and that its subsequent position in the contest was determined even from the start by the conduct of its driver at this opening dash. To obtain the place nearest the Spina, was half the battle; but to be too bold was ruin. Many a wheel was crushed; many a driver mangled, dead, when, as often happened, none would give way, but, all aiming at a single point, horses and chariots in wild confusion plunged into each other. Timidity was worse than death, for it meant defeat. There was not a second for indecision or delay. Like a lightning flash must act the driver's brain, as ready as his eye was steadfast and his hand was firm.

The charioteers were the finest types of physical beauty and development. Permission to contend in the Hippodrome was acquired only by long patience and careful training. Successive examinations, as by the students of a college, must be passed. At last, when the long apprenticeship was done, the charioteer received a diploma or certificate of his ability, written in the imperial purple ink and signed by the Emperor's hand.

It is not my purpose to describe a chariot race more than is absolutely necessary in my discussion of the Hippodrome. The 23rd book of the great epic gives a description none the less vivid because it is familiar, none the less fresh because it is old. To-day an author whose rank is among the foremost of living writers, with equal accuracy and eloquence, has pictured a classic racecourse with his graphic pen. I commend all to his wonderful book. Nowhere else will they find a description so correct and life-like as in that masterpiece of General Wallace, the story of Ben Hur.

At each extremity of the Spina proper was a high narrow framework, surmounted by seven poles. Seven fishes capped the poles of the northern framework; seven eggs, that of the south. On completion of each circuit, an egg and a fish were removed by an attendant, so that every spectator could be sure how many turns still remained to run. The fishes were the emblem of Neptune, god of the sea and creator of the horse; the eggs, of the twin demi-gods, Castor and Pollux, inventors of the chariot and the first charioteers. Among the pagans these deities were the special patrons of the Circus and the Hippodrome. When dethroned and banished by a newer faith, their insignia remained.

Toward the southern end of the Spina was the Phialé, Φιάλη. This was a broad, round basin of running water. This water was devoted to the victims of accidents, and was of frequent use. Over it rose an arched canopy, resting, like the lodge of the Empress, on porphyry pillars. Upon this canopy was built a column covered with plates

of brass, and above the column stood the statue of the Empress Irene, placed there by her son Constantine VI.

One ornament of the Spina always called forth especial interest and wonder. This was the statue of a maiden, life-size, as seen from the ground, standing on the top of a lofty Corinthian pillar. Her weight seemed resting on one foot, the other was advanced as if stepping forward, while the long flowing ends of a girdle, the maiden's only raiment, floated out far behind. Without apparent human energy, the airy sprite would face one direction and then another, and strangers marvelled as they saw her, ignorant that the face and form so fair were but the weathervane of the Hippodrome.

Three monuments of the Spina still remain. Let us rejoice that three, so typical, so distinct, so crowded full of individual association, have escaped the ravages of man and time. The Built Column, a square pillar composed of square-faced stone and rising to a height of 101 feet, is Byzantine, and only Byzantine in every detail. The plates of polished brass that covered it, the language and style of the inscription still legible on its pedestal, the era, when it was erected, even the name of its Imperial restorer Constantine VII. Porphyrogenitus, are eloquent only of Byzantine art and Byzantine glory. Even to-day, melancholy, bare of its adornment, seeming ever ready to fall yet still erect, despite the earthquakes, the whirlwinds, the conflagrations that have raged around it, it is a perfect embodiment of the later centuries of the Byzantine Empire. Moreover, like that empire, in time it is sure to crumble, and, as Byzantius said thirty-five years ago, "the disaster cannot be long delayed."

The headless and mutilated Serpent Column, three serpents of Corinthian brass twined in one, deserves hours' consideration rather than a passing reference. I feel myself irreverent, sacrilegious almost, that my immediate subject, the Hippodrome, allows me to pay this consecrated relic only the tribute of a few hurried words. It is associated with Themistocles, Aristides, the Spartan Pausanias, Xerxes and Mardonius. It is the offering of

Greek devotion to the god Apollo, set up in his most sacred shrine after Grecian patriotism was crowned with victory at Plataea, and they had for ever hurled back the Persian hordes. The inscription on its coils, battered and almost illegible, preserves the names of the thirty-one immortal cities whose children, in that crisis of humanity, "loved not their lives unto death." Constantine brought it from Delphi to Constantinople. In all the treasures, with which he enriched the capital, there was not one instinct with a loftier spirit, or that might teach a holier lesson.

The obelisk of Egyptian granite shows little mark of decay or change. It is fifteen centuries, this very year, since Proclus, by command of Theodosius, reared it upon the four copper cubes which support it on its pedestal. Even then it was 2,100 years since Thotmes III. had had it cut in the quarries of the Upper Nile. The immense glittering ball of Castor and Pollux, that crowned its apex, fell and was broken to fragments 1,102 years ago. Its two pedestals give a panoramic view, though now defaced and disfigured, of the imperial family, of the courtiers and attendants in the Kathisma, of the exercises in the Hippodrome, of the erection of the obelisk, of the tributes of the conquered Goths. These carvings teach us more than whole pages of description. On the east side Theodosius holds a crown of laurel in his hand, the prize of the victor, a recompense that in later degenerate years was superseded by more material rewards. The hieroglyphic carvings of Thotmes upon the granite, and the Greek and Latin inscriptions of Theodosius upon the pedestal still remain. The Egyptian and the Roman are equally pompous; each claims for himself unequalled power. Thotmes, after thirty-five centuries of mummied sleep, is stolen from his narrow chamber to endure, in the sad Museum of Bonlak, the stolid or curious gaze of every traveller on the Nile. Theodosius the Great, last sovereign of the undivided Roman Empire, 800 years after his death, is thrown from his coffin into the street to sate the fanatic hatred or the rapacity of the West. Which monarch has the more ignoble

destiny? Rather in their nothingness to-day, than in their greatness then, do the two sovereigns clasp hands.

The space between the northern goal and the gateways of the stalls (cárceres) was called the Stama, *στάμα*. Here wrestlers and acrobats performed. This also served as a place of punishment for those lesser crimes which did not demand the death of the offender. Here, too, many a sovereign wreaked an ignoble vengeance upon some individual against whom he had a personal spite. Thus, here the Patriarch Anastasius was publicly whipped by order of Constantine V. Copronymus, the emperor of infamous memory. Here by order of the Emperor Theophilus, Petronas, captain of the Imperial Guard, was also whipped in the presence of all the people for hasty words uttered over the wine cup.

Four gates, each flanked with towers, gave entrance to the Hippodrome from the city. The north-western was called the Gate of the Blues; the north-eastern of the Greens; the south-eastern gate bore the sullen title Gate of the Dead, in imitation of the gate in a Roman circus, through which were dragged the bodies of men and beasts who had been "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The opposite gate is nameless and scarce mentioned in history.

In the Hippodrome was no triumphal gate. This was situated in a Roman circus at the farthest end in the Sphendoné; directly opposite the throne or seat of honor. Even had Severus desired to build one here, he could hardly, with all his power and daring, have built a triumphal passage, as he had done the foundations of the Sphendoné, in the air. Of the Gate of Decimus, whereby the attendants entered the rooms and porticoes beneath the Palace of the Kathisma, I have already spoken.

Of the stairways, giving access from the gateways to the rows of seats, not the slightest description has come down to us. In fact, exceedingly few details on this subject in connection with other hippodromes and circuses, are preserved.

The external appearance of the Hippodrome was

imposing for its vastness and height, and even for its beauty. The walls were of brick, laid in arches, and faced by a row of Corinthian columns. What confronted the spectator's eye was a wall in superposed and continuous arches, seen through an endless marble colonnade. Many of these columns were lying prostrate and broken during the visits of Peter Gyllius in 1529 and 1550. He describes, however, seventeen columns, as he claims to have seen them in the wall of the Sphendoné, perfect and in position. Their diameter, he says, was  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet. The column proper was 28 feet high, and its base and capital added 7 feet more. The total would thus be 35 feet. They stood 11 feet apart. Hence, making deduction for the space occupied by gates and towers, at least 260 pillars would be required for the circuit. If one with the curiosity of a traveller wished to journey round the entire perimeter, he must continue on through a distance of 3,415 feet before his pilgrimage ended at the spot where it had begun: and ever as he toiled along, there towered into the air that prodigious mass, wall and rampart of the promenade, 40 feet above his head. No wonder that there remained even in the time of Sultan Suleyman, the Lawgiver, enough to construct that fairest of mosques, the Suleymanié, from the fallen columns, the broken marbles, the brick and stone of the Hippodrome.

In the early days of the city, games were of constant occurrence. As time went by, they became less frequent, and at last were celebrated only on those two days which the Byzantines most revered, the 11th of May and the 25th of December, the birthdays of the City and of Christ. The ordinary expense of a celebration was not far from a million francs. Such a sum in the glorious reigns of Constantine and Theodosius and Justinian was a bagatelle. But as the years rolled on, the Arabs from the south, the Seldjukian Empire in Asia Minor, and the Bulgarian hosts in Europe, pressed upon the stricken Empire. Its territorial bounds receded; its revenues became less and less.

The ordinary races and celebrations differed little from each other. Every place along the upper benches, the seats in the Sphendoné and the promenade, the night before would be seized by an eager crowd. The lower seats and the podium were defended from the inroads of the common people, and reserved for the higher classes. By etiquette all spectators were to be in place before the Emperor appeared. When all was ready, the prepositus informed the Emperor who was waiting, having been robed and crowned, in the hall of the Kathisma. The Emperor at once ascended to the platform whereon was his throne, stepped to the balcony in front and stood silent a moment as if in prayer. Then, bending in benediction, marked the sign of the cross three times, first to the right, then to the left, then towards the front. After he took his seat upon the throne, while one after the other, each of the great officials approached and cast himself prostrate at his sovereign's feet. The long line of generals, senators, magistrates, paying abjectest homage to their common master, was like the pageantry of a feast in the people's eyes. Save in times of great disorder or excitement, the people would greet their sovereign with a hymn of welcome appropriate to the season and the day. One line would be intoned by all the spectators sitting on the left or eastern side, and the next be chanted in response by all towards the west or right. Thus on the 11th of May in one great wave of sound would roll out from the east:—

“Behold, the spring, the goodly spring once more appears.”

Then from the western side of the Hippodrome would swell back the chorus,

“Prosperity and joy and health it brings.”

So they would continue singing line after line of that ancient hymn, so inwrought in the very life of the Hippodrome and of which we must ever regret that Constantine VII. Porphyrogenitus preserves for us only the beginning. As Papparegopoulos well remarks, “This, and other like

"pleasing accompaniments of the festival, imparted a  
 "gaiety and a refinement utterly foreign to the celebrations  
 "in the Circus of Rome."

The political condition of the people was a strange mingling of servile subjection and wild lawlessness. Sometimes, with the insolence of equals, they would insult their sovereign ; sometimes, with the humility of devotees, kiss the dust at his feet. Nowhere else was the populace so free, so bold, so strong, as in the Hippodrome. There the thousands felt the magnetic influence of their might. At times the great host in the Hippodrome seemed like some national assembly, presenting its petitions and vindicating its rights. The boldest tyrants cowered and yielded at the majesty of the popular will thundered from the benches by the popular voice. But, for the Emperor to be absent from the Hippodrome would have been as startling as for a Sultan to neglect the Friday prayer. Moreover, in the sports a religious element was never wanting. The early fathers, indeed, denounced the games, but after the fifth century Patriarch, bishops, clergy had their places appropriate to their rank. "The choirs that chanted in the 'cathedral intoned the hymn of triumph at the race.' One reason of the marvellous hold of the Orthodox Church upon its laity is, in part, that through all its troubled story the clergy have had their full share in the pleasures of the people, as well as in their sufferings and their prayers.

Justinian the Great is the only Emperor I can recall who maintained his power after the Hippodrome pronounced his deposition. An awful moment it must have been for many an Emperor as he turned to seat himself upon his throne, after with the sign of the cross having blessed his people. Religious respect might have kept them silent until then. But, the Benediction given, he was at the scant mercy of their lawless tongues. Wherever his eyes looked upon the thousands, he might see, all aimed at him, the batteries of countless wrathful eyes. Insults, sarcasms, complaints against his government, outrages to his dignity—sure death if pronounced outside—the Emperor was there often forced to tolerate, and, if he could, ignore. The

Emperor Maurice, a brave but swarthy and thick-lipped soldier, lost his popularity. The people found a negro slave who bore a striking resemblance to the sovereign. In the midst of the games they wrapped around this slave a black cloth, shaped like the Emperor's mantle, put a crown of garlic on his head, seated him upon an ass, and in the Emperor's presence paraded this parody of himself back and forth before his throne, paying to the negro their derisive homage, and shouting to the real sovereign, "See, see ; oh ! Maurice, behold how you look !"

At the games, the people who might obtain audience of their monarch nowhere else, firmly, boldly, often with dignity, presented their petitions. Custom had decreed that the petition should be in the form of a four-fold prayer. So when the Empress Ariadne, widow of the Emperor Zeno, ascended the spiral staircase and seated herself on her husband's throne, the people cried : "Oh, Ariadne, give an orthodox Emperor to rule the world ; give a prosperous Easter to the world ; give order and safety to the city ; banish that robber of the city called the "Prefect." Often the victims of oppression who had obtained no redress, by a stratagem or a trick, would there gain the Emperor's ear. A merchant vessel, the property of a widow lady, with all its cargo, had been confiscated on some slight pretext by the Prefect of the Palace. The Prefect was able to baffle all the widow's efforts after justice, and to prevent knowledge of his crime from reaching the Emperor. At last the outraged lady gained as allies the pantomimes of the Hippodrome. They made a tiny ship which, in the course of the day, they put in the Stama, directly before the Emperor's throne. One of the clowns called to another, "Big mouth, swallow that ship." "My mouth is not big enough to swallow it," was the reply. "What, you can not swallow that little ship ! Why ! "The Prefect of the Palace has just swallowed a big galley "with all its cargo, and did not leave a bite to the owner." The Emperor demands an explanation. It is given. At once, in the presence of the terrified people, he orders the Prefect, still wearing his gala robes of office, to the place of

execution, in the Sphendoné, and there he was put to death. The most turbulent and bloody scenes which the Hippodrome beheld, were connected with the jealousies and hatreds of the rival factions, the Blues and the Greens. More confusion and contradiction exists concerning these antagonistic parties than in reference to any other subject connected with the Eastern Empire. Divisions by the shibboleth of a name, a colour, a flower, are as old as humanity. These divisions are not on account of the name, the colour, the flower, but on account of that of which it is an emblem: of that for which it stands. The people of Constantinople wore their respective colour as a badge. Their struggles were not from the hue of the charioteer's tunic, but on account of the broad distinctions of which the colour was the insignia, the sign. The centripetal and centrifugal, the conservative and the radical tendencies in human nature, existed among the people here as they have done everywhere else. There were no electoral campaigns, no casting of a ballot, small voting *viva voce* in Constantinople. But antagonistic feeling, prejudice, principle, in politics and religion, must find an expression as best it could. In civil affairs the people were divided into two classes. The first were the inhabitants of the city proper; the second were the other citizens. The city proper bore something the same relation to the remainder of the capital as in London does "the city" to the other quarters of the metropolis. The citizens proper were called the *πολιτικοί*; the others, the *πειρατικοί*. Among the <sup>Citizens proper</sup> *πολιτικοί* were the two parties of the Whites and the Reds; among the vastly more numerous *πειρατικοί*, were the two parallel parties of the Blues and the Greens. With the lapse of time the Whites were absorbed by the Blues, the Reds by the Greens, each coalescing where it found sympathies and sentiments in keeping with its own. The Blues were the conservatives in tendency, zealous supporters of the reigning house and orthodox in their faith. The Greens were the radicals of the day, usually lukewarm in their loyalty, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, the agitators, free thinkers,

reformers, latitudinarians in religion. In the fierce struggles as to image worship, as to the exalted rank of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Blues were on one side ; the Greens on the other. For example, an iconoclast was seldom a Blue ; an adherent of images was seldom a Green. There were moments when the position of the parties seems reversed. For a time the champion of opposition becomes the champion of power. Still, through the course of Byzantine history, the Blues and Greens held to their respective credos with a tenacity and consistency, which has not been surpassed by the great political parties of Britain and America.

In the Hippodrome, they found the most prominent and striking arena for their contention. There they could in many ways pit themselves against each other and try their strength. Gradually the colours, which here at first served only to distinguish the driver and the chariot, and not, as in many a hippodrome or circus, to mark national or class distinctions, became the marks of party. Gradually the races became contests, not so much between the steeds and the charioteers, but between the rival factions who owned the chariots and the horses, and of whose organization the charioteer was a member. Both parties were perfectly, systematically organized. Each formed an empire in the State. Each possessed its chief or demarch, its subordinate presidents, its hundreds of officers and servants of every degree, its committees, its rolls of membership, its clubs throughout all the villages and cities of the nation. In the Hippodrome, at last, it, and not the Emperor or the State, defrayed the expenses of the celebration. Whatever was used or appeared at a contest, a rope, a trained dog, a performing mule, a rope walker, a dancer, was owned by or belonged to one party or the other. So in the joy of victory or the sorrow of defeat, every Blue and Green not only in the city but through all the empire had his part.

This state of things never existed in like degree at Rome. After each day's struggle there, the sentiments and prejudices of the spectators might even be rearranged. Hence at Rome there was no reason for that trans-

mitted hate and hereditary rancor which existed among the Blues and Greens of Constantinople. The aversion of these factions to each other was manifested everywhere and often in childish ways. Did the Blues applaud a successful clown the Greens would howl and spit. Did learned monkeys dance a rope, or a lumbering bear perform antics all his own, the judgment of his merits was according to the badge the bear or monkey wore. The approval of the one was sure disapproval of the other.

Acacius, keeper of the bears for the Greens, died suddenly. One day his destitute widow sent her three little girls, seven, five, and three years old, into the arena before the games began, to solicit the compassion of the spectators. The Greens on whose side they commenced their piteous round, received them with contempt, and, at last, impatient for the races, ordered them back. The Blues took the children's part and showered upon them kindness and affection. Years passed away, but the experience of that hour never faded from the memory of one of those little girls. When, at last, no longer a suppliant for bread, she sat crowned Empress and wedded wife of the illustrious Emperor, she visited on the faction of the Greens (with whom her natural sympathies would have allied her) full measure for the insult and outrage heaped on the infant daughters of her dead father, the poor bear-keeper Acacius.

Their wildest passions were most excited by the chariot race. Here, on the grandest occasions, one hundred chariots contended, in each contest four; and hence a bewildering succession of twenty-five distinct contests wrought each spectator to a white heat of frenzy. When the last race was finished, no power on earth could persuade the vanquished party, foaming with rage, that the prize had been fairly won. That the Greens had small chance for justice there is no doubt. Inferior in numbers, in rank, in wealth, in Court favor, everything was against them.

The Emperor Justin II. resolved to act with absolute justice towards them both. Immediately after his coronation in St. Sophia, he ascended to his throne in the

AS WITH  
THE SISTER  
OF THE  
DAUGHTER  
OF ACACIUS  
THE GREEN  
BEAR-KEEPER

Kathisma. The Blues, emboldened by his presumed sympathy for their party, in his presence made a fierce and unprovoked attack upon the Greens. In sarcasm upon his predecessor, Justinian's frequent unjust partiality to the Blues and in manifesto of his own proposed rigid rule of conduct, he ordered the heralds to proclaim: "Ye Blues, for you your Justinian is dead: Ye Greens, for you he is still alive!"

By a wise provision the Blues and Greens sat on opposite sides of the Hippodrome, the Blues to the right and the Greens to the left of the Emperor. Yet, sometimes, down they would plunge from their seats, over the barrier of the podium, into the arena, and hundreds be slain in the sudden fight.

*Rev.* "Nika," conquer, was the shout of the contending sides. In the reign of Justinian occurred the most horrible and destructive of all their conflicts. This is commonly called the Revolt of the Nika. Five days the battle raged in the Hippodrome and the streets, between the two colours. Suddenly, in the midst of their strife, both parties strangely forgot their resentment in a common resolution to dethrone the Emperor. They seized the patrician Hypatius, and, deaf to the prayers and tears of his wife, crowned him against his will; then forced him, reluctant and trembling, to sit in state on the throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome was packed to its utmost capacity with the multitude acclaiming the new sovereign. The soldiers in the Palace of the Kathisma had allowed Hypatius and his partisans to enter, but prudently refused to declare for either side till they saw who would win. Belisarius assailed the church of St. Stephen, that he might ascend to the throne and capture Hypatius, but in vain. At last, with Mundus and Narses, generals of renown, he formed a desperate plan. He himself will proceed southwards of the Hippodrome, and then up its western side to the Gate of the Blues, and, with his little troop, attack the thousands within. When sufficient time has been allowed for his march, Narses will attack the Gate of the Greens, and Mundus, with a troop of Illyrians, the modern Albanians, the Gate of the Dead.

Meanwhile, the triumphant, disorderly populace, had made small preparation for defence. Suddenly, at the Gate of the Blues, appears Belisarius at the head of his column. The undisciplined mass fights at every disadvantage. Remorselessly the heroic general hurls them back upon the advancing bands of Narses and Mundus. But one way of escape remains; the gate on the south-western side. In the wild panic the fleeing, shrieking mob tramples hundreds to death. When that day's sun went down, 30,000 human beings lay dead in the Hippodrome. Through the south-eastern gate, now at last deserving the name, Gate of the Dead, which it had borne 200 years, their bodies were dragged and crowded into deep pits below. A fearful conflagration was added to the horrors of those days. St. Sophia, the Baths of Zeuxippus, the Imperial Palace, and the fairest portion of the city, were laid in ashes.

The Hippodrome lay silent, forsaken, dead, apparently accursed, for two years. Then it was purified and embellished for a more splendid show than Constantinople had yet beheld, surpassing even the day of its consecration by Constantine. Again Belisarius, foremost general of all history, save the ill-fated hero who sleeps near the peaceful gulf of Nicomedia, is the central figure. For the first time Constantinople is to behold and enjoy a Roman triumph. Belisarius, with 20,000 men, has won three pitched battles against desperate odds, slain 40,000 Vandals, captured Gelimer, the Vandal King, reduced the whole Vandalic Kingdom of Northern Africa to a province of the East. The Emperor, the Church, the Senate, the army, the people, unite with equal fervor in extending him such a triumph as the world has not beheld since that of Augustus Cæsar, before Christ was born. Refusing to ride in the triumphal car, drawn by four white horses, he advances on foot, declaring that his army have been equal in the hardship, and must now be equal in the glory. The Emperor is seated on his throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome teems with expectant faces, all turning toward the Gate of the Blues. At last the martial form of Belisarius appears at the portal, clad in complete armour, and bearing his

To 42  
victoria  
Belisarius

glorious sword. Next come the scarred veterans, bronzed by the Southern sun ; afterwards the captive monarch, Gelimer, wearing a purple robe, and every inch a king ; then the captive Vandal nobles in a long procession ; and last, the immense booty, guarded by Roman soldiers. There is spoil richer and more various than Constantinople has ever seen. There are the standards and arms of the Vandals, the solid silver plate of the King, his throne of massive gold, his crown, the chariot of his Queen, baskets of gold and silver and precious stones, the sacred vessels of the temple at Jerusalem, which the Vandals had plundered from Rome, where Titus brought them. All this accumulation of captive men and treasure is paraded up and down the arena. Gelimer is the haughtiest figure of all. Only one phrase he repeats as he looks upon that surpassing scene of human glory : “ *Vanitas vanitatum, vanitas* “ *vanitatum, et omnia vanitas !* ” Arrived before the seat of Justinian, his purple robe is violently torn away, and he is ordered to throw himself prostrate in the dust before the Emperor. He indignantly refuses. A death-like silence of surprise and fear reigns through the Hippodrome. The great heart of Belisarius honors the pride of his prisoner. He approaches Gelimer, salutes him with profound respect, clasps his hands, and exclaims : “ I entreat you, my lord, to “ salute as I do the Emperor Justinian.” Then he prostrates himself. The King follows his example, and, in the hearing of all the people, says, with prophetic sympathy to Belisarius : “ I bless you for your kindness to me in my “ distress. May you, in your days of adversity, meet also “ a consoler and friend.”

The triumph of Nicephorus, 400 years after, was of nearly equal splendour with that of Belisarius. The procession of turbaned emirs, of Arab steeds, of wagons laden with plunder, of machines of war captured on the field of battle, of Oriental standards, of horsetails crowned by strange devices, entered by the gate of the Blues, defiled from north to south to the place of execution, turned to the north again, and constantly the endless throng of prisoners and their conquerors poured through the gateway

till there seemed no longer a spot whereon another might stand. At a given signal every prisoner cast himself prostrate on the sand, each captured standard was thrown down, and the Emperor Romanus II. placed his purple slipper, embroidered with golden eagles, on the shaven head of the Chief Emir. Meanwhile, from the benches resounded, blended with the thunderous music of the military bands, hosannas and shouts of victory. "Glory to God, who has triumphed over the children of Hagar! "Glory to God, who has confounded the enemies of the "Virgin, the spotless Mother of Christ!"

Hours would not suffice to trace, however briefly, the more thrilling scenes which have centered in the Hippodrome's walls. A mighty kaleidoscope it seems, wherein in ever-shifting scenes, through a thousand years, were presented singly, and in endless variety of combination, each phase of a nation's life. Some of the Emperors were never crowned, some never trod the hallowed precincts of St. Sophia, but from Constantine to Isaac Angelus there were only two who did not give the Benediction of the Cross from the balcony of the Kathisma and sit upon its throne. There was not a revolution to which its walls did not resound; not a national disgrace or triumph, heroic achievement or fiendish crime, which did not echo louder there than in palace or church. The earth lying now twelve feet deep over the ancient surface, seems to hide beneath all the mystery and history of the past.

What vicissitudes of shame and glory, of loftiest power and profoundest ignominy, it has beheld! Across it, with hands tied behind him and feet bound together, was dragged by the heels the lifeless body of that wise prince and illustrious ruler, the Emperor Leo the Armenian, to be thrown down the precipice by the Gate of the Dead.

Justinian II., the Nero of the East, during eight years of an atrocious reign, was present at every game or spectacle of the Hippodrome. In the ninth year his suffering subjects seated him on the northern goal, and there cut off his nose and ears. By ill-timed mercy his forfeited life was spared, and he driven into exile in Russia. Twelve years later,

through the aid of a powerful ally, he returned from banishment and captured the city by treason. The Emperors Tiberius and Leontius were bound so rigidly that they could stir neither hand nor foot. Justinian II. seated himself on the throne of the Kathisma, and, during the whole continuance of the games, used the two Emperors as his footstools. Meanwhile, his partisans intoned the chant, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion "and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou "trample under foot!" The games concluded with the execution of the two Emperors in the Sphendoné.

There the Emperor Andronicus Comnenus, Catiline and Alcibiades in one, was promenaded upon a camel that was lame, hairless, and full of sores. There, on the Spina, he was hung head downward on a fitting gibbet, the statue of the Wolf and the Hyæna. Meanwhile, women he had debauched, or whose kindred he had slain, tore his flesh with their nails. The unequalled torments that succeeded make us forget his unequalled crimes. At last a butcher in compassion drove a knife into his body to end the agony. Then the corpse of this most handsome, most fascinating, most brilliant, and, withal, most inhuman and depraved of Byzantine sovereigns, was cast, an unclean thing, for final burial, into a drain of the Hippodrome.

Not only in our day a man's address to ride and curb a coal-black charger, has seemed, at the beginning, his chief recommendation in the race to dictatorship and empire. In the Hippodrome the groom, Basil, bestrode the unbroken Arabian steed, that none other dared touch, and, while the frightened creature reared, plunged, and dashed madly round and round the arena, maintained his seat. At last when the vanquished horse stood panting, dripping, quiet as a lamb, under the caresses of his conqueror, the enraptured spectators forgot the Emperor's presence in their uproarious shouts "Long live Basil!" "long live "Basil!" Not many years went by before that Slavonian groom, sole ruler upon the throne whence the Emperor had beheld his prowess, founded a glorious dynasty and *became known* to history as Basil the Great.

In 842 the Emperor Theophilus died, leaving no heir save a child Michael, three years old. Manuel, the commander of the army, assembled the people in the Hippodrome and seated the child upon the throne. But the Hippodrome rang with the shout, "Not Michael, away with Michael! Long live the Emperor Manuel!" "Hold," he cried, "Michael is Emperor, yours and mine." The hundred thousand drowned his voice in the unanimous acclaim, "Manuel," "Manuel," "Emperor!" At last, when they were silent from exhaustion, he shouted with the energy of a deathless resolve, "I swear I will not be your ruler. Long live the Emperor Michael and his mother the Empress Theodora!" The cry was feebly repeated, but Manuel kept his word. Michael as child and man ruled twenty-five years, alternately at the games sitting on the throne where Manuel had placed him, alternately contending himself as a charioteer, wearing the uniform of the Blues. But the deed of Manuel remains, rare in any age, one of the deathless glories of Eastern history.

No reminiscences of the Hippodrome are complete that do not dwell upon the brighter even as upon the darker side of Byzantine life. At times, indeed, evil emperors, faithless generals, recreant prelates, pass along the scene. Yet, during that long period of ten centuries, nowhere were there more numerous instances of heroic courage, of lofty self-sacrifice, of exalted virtue, than among the people of Constantinople. Even at the times in that long ago when the picture seems most sombre here, it was no less bloody, no less mingled with treason, revolution and assassination elsewhere in the world.

When the last chariot race took place in the Hippodrome, it is impossible to say. I find no definite reference to any later than during the reign of Isaac Angelus, who was dethroned in 1195. Certainly, none ever occurred there later than 1203. Between these two dates for the last time a Byzantine Emperor sat in full pomp on the throne of the Kathisma and a Byzantine populace in full numbers crowded its seats, each alike ignorant that never again should sovereign and people enjoy its sports.

Many times the Hippodrome had suffered from conflagrations in the city. These injuries were always speedily repaired and each successive restoration seemed to leave it more impregnable to the flames. In 1203, the Frank and Venetian forces of the Fourth Crusade attacked Constantinople. A fire wantonly kindled, raged eight entire days and nights from the Golden Horn to the Marmora, over a territory two and a-half miles wide. The entire western side of the Hippodrome was so injured as to require re-erection from the foundations, should it ever be used again. In 1204 the whole barbarian host, wearing the cross of Christ upon their breasts,—the cross, never more dishonored than then,—in the Hippodrome divided the spoil and plunder, torn from the ancient capital of Christianity. Then it was they stripped the Hippodrome of almost every ornament, casting its works of bronze ruthlessly into the melting pot, and breaking its marble statues and carvings with the battle axe and hammer for no other purpose than the pastime of barbaric hate.

In the *Imperium Orientale* of the Benedictine monk Anselm Bandouri is preserved a picture of the Hippodrome as it appeared one hundred years before the city was captured by the Turks, that is in 1350. Step by step through Bandouri, through Unuphrius Panvinus we may trace back this work of a nameless artist. Its details are not gathered, like this treatise, in a later age, from a hundred different sources and put in place by the judgment of the mind. It is a sketch of an eye-witness drawn at the time he endeavours to represent. Tried by the rules of art it is destitute of value. It is heedless of perspective and disdainful of proportion. It makes the height of the obelisk equal to half the length of the Hippodrome. It brings the Marmora so near, that the sea almost washes the Hippodrome's walls. Yet, that inartistic sketch is precious to us, as it reveals in what utter ruin the Hippodrome already lay 500 years ago and as it preserves the rough, imperfect likeness of the little which still remained. A few monuments and pedestals and the northern goal

peered above the ground along the line of the Spina, but the Spina was already hidden under rubbish and débris. Not a single marble seat was left in place, nor any part of the western wall, nor hardly any of the eastern. A portion of the wall of the Sphendoné was intact (as of course all its foundations). The Church of St. Stephen, the Palace of the Kathisma and the *Máγγava* or carceres, were still comparatively well preserved. Dwelling-houses had already been built within the enclosure, specially toward the east. The sum total is a picture of desolation and decay. What Peter Gyllius said 200 years later is already true: "it is a sight that saddens."

It was in the midst of that desolation, whose silent haunted ruins pleasure seekers had long abandoned, that Constantine XIII., Paleologus, gathered his faithful band during the night of that 28th and 29th of May, 1453. The corner tower in the Heraclian wall had watched the last vigil; St. Sophia had listened to the last prayer; the gate of St. Romanus was about to immortalize the last conflict of the last Byzantine Emperor. The crumbled Hippodrome, in the night's darkest hour, beheld the last review of Byzantine forces and heard the final charge of that Emperor to his troops. To Constantine those tumbled walls about him must have seemed in keeping with the condition of his empire and the despair of his own heart. No fitter place did the world afford to pronounce at once the eulogy and the elegy of all that had been. If at that dismal hour he thought of the vanished glories of his capital, he must have realised, what you and I too often forget, that it was not the Turk, the Ottoman, the Moslem, who despoiled the city of its beauty and broke the empire's strength. On the Eastern Empire, as on the Hippodrome, the death blow had fallen at the hands of the Fourth Crusade. Madame Roland cried upon the platform of the guillotine, "Oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Constantine, standing that night at the threshold of his opening grave, might well have cried, "Oh Christianity, what crimes in thy name have been committed against this Christian city and this Christian

“nation by those who claimed like us to be the followers  
“of Christ!”

Since the conquest the Hippodrome—become the Atmeidan—has been constantly connected with Ottoman history. Lying close beside the Seraglio, where, till fifty years ago, the Sultans dwelt, it was the favourite field of official and popular display. When the Achmedié, the mosque outranking, in Turkish eyes, every other sanctuary save the seven-minareted Kaaba at Mecca, was built partly within the Atmeidan, its territorial extent was diminished, but its dignity was increased. It became the centre of religious and ecclesiastical, as it was also of civil and secular observances. There each Sultan first reviewed his troops after accession and there bestowed his largesses, the invariable and welcome accompaniment of each new reign. There, the circumcisions and marriages of the reigning family were celebrated with Oriental extravagance and pomp. Sometimes gladiatorial fights—a spectacle Constantinople had never seen before—wherein Slavonian and Hungarian prisoners fought each other to the death, furnished amusement to the faithful. There the mounted pages of the palace contended in the wild game of the djérid, a sport as maddening and as dangerous as the contests of the arena. Toward the west, partly within and partly without the ancient limits of the Hippodrome, the all powerful Ibrahim Pacha, Grand Vizir and brother-in-law of Sultan Suleyman, erected the most magnificent palace an Ottoman subject has ever possessed. The palace has disappeared like the Hippodrome, of whose materials it was partly built. Ibrahim Pacha placed upon two pedestals, still remaining in the Spina, a Diana and a colossal Hercules of bronze brought from Buda. The Hercules formerly existing there in the time of Constantine had been melted by the Crusaders. In the Atmeidan, Achmet Pacha, Grand Vizir, husband of the daughter of Sultan Ibrahim, was thrown before the horse hoofs of his successor, Mohammed Pacha, and his body, then cut in fragments, was sold at ten aspres the piece as an infallible cure for rheumatism.

In the Atmeidan, in the vain effort to regain his health, Sultan Mourad III. slew, with his own hand, fifty-two sheep, some black, some white, some spotted, the requisite number of each colour having been indicated to him in a dream. There, too, during a rebellion, Sultan Mourad IV., the Conqueror, galloped alone into the midst of the mutineers and quelled the sedition by the authority of his presence.

The mausoleum of two Ottoman sovereigns is situated in the north-east quarter of the Atmeidan. In it are buried the pious Sultan Achmet I. and the boy Sultan Osman II., the prince of unusual early promise and of a most tragic end.

From the Atmeidan marched the undisciplined hosts of the citizens, the Sandjak Sherif floating at their head, for the extermination of the Janissaries. A curious mistake of historians, the change of a single letter in a name, has often confounded the Etmeidan with the Atmeidan and located in the latter, events with which it had little or no connection. The Etmeidan, a quarter of the city nearly two miles distant, was the centre and stronghold of the Janissaries. In the Atmeidan indeed they more than once upset their kettles in signal of revolution and rushed over it in their furious raids; still it was a region they neither loved nor frequented.

To-day to many a tourist the chief attraction of the Atmeidan is the Museum of the Janissaries, stocked with their ferocious likenesses, each clad in the robes and bearing the arms of his troop. But it was the Etmeidan rather than the Atmeidan wherein they made their last rebellion and were deservedly destroyed by Sultan Mahmoud II. the Reformer.

I have said but little of the Hippodrome as it is to-day. My topic has been rather its living past than its dead present. Beside the three monuments of the Spina and the foundations of the Sphendoné, hardly any remains exist. Within the enclosure of the Achmedié, supporting the Turkish wall built upon it, is still to be seen a brick arch, sole vestige of the continuous row, which, faced

in marble, upheld the podium and bounded the arena. Still farther within the enclosure, 197 feet distant from the central line of the Hippodrome, is a column still erect, that I judge was built into the outer wall.

Towards the south-west of the Atmeidan is situated a roofless cave or chamber, its paved floor sunk 14 feet below the surface of the ground. One descends by a gently inclining plane. On the right are marble slabs, marked with the cross, through which water trickles. Hurrying onward toward the vaults of the Sphendoné, as of old it did to the Phialé of the Spina, it seems constantly murmuring, in its crystal voice, Tennyson's "Song of the Brook :"

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever !"

The Serpent is broken, the Built Column is despoiled, even the changeless Obelisk is defaced, but the little stream flows no less musical and bright. Keats left, as inscription for his tombstone, "Here lies one whose name is writ on "water." The archæologist brushing away the dust of ruined empires and beholding the still flowing stream, may well ask, was there anything more enduring, as enduring as the water on which to write it ?

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## THE THREE STILL EXISTING MONUMENTS OF THE HIPPODROME.

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Until 1856 the lower portion of these three monuments was hidden under a gradual accumulation of stone and earth. During the Crimean War, Mr. Charles Newton, of the British Museum, a scholar afterwards knighted, received permission from the Ottoman Government to excavate about them as far as to the base of their pedestals. Afterward a wall was built around up to the present level of the Atmeidan, and this wall surmounted by an iron railing. So the monuments rise from a pit, whose floor is on the same level as the ancient surface of the Spina.

The Built Column stands on a single marble pedestal, nearly cubical in form, 7 feet 3 inches square. This pedestal is covered with ivy on the northern and western sides. The southern is bare of carving or inscription; not even a green leaf hides its nakedness. On the eastern side, despite an ivy that struggles over it, the following inscription of Constantine VII. Porphyrogenitus is still easily read :

✠ Τὸ τετράπλευρον Θαῦμα τῶν μεταρσίων,  
Χρόνῳ φθαρὲν, Κωνσταντίνος νῦν δεσπότης,  
Οὗ Ῥωμανὸς παῖς, δόξα τῆς σκηπτουχίας,  
Κρεῖττον νεουργεῖ τῆς πάλαι θεωρίας.  
Ὅ γὰρ Κολοσσὸς θάμβος ἦν ἐν τῷ Ῥόδῳ,  
Καὶ χαλκὸς οὗτος θάμβος ἐστὶν ἐνθάδε. ✠

The column stands on a triple stereobate, each about 1 foot 3 inches high, and each projecting about 10 inches beyond that above. All the brazen plates upon the column

have been torn away; and many of its cubical stones have fallen from their places. A large number of the bolts and nails that held the plates in position still remain. An object more bare and unsightly than this monument it is difficult to conceive.

The Serpent of Delphi is mentioned by Herodotus, Diodorus, Siculus, Pausanias, Zosimus, Sozomenus, and by many other writers. The churchman Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, speaks of it with aversion, and is indignant that this pagan tribute to a heathen deity should stand in a Christian hippodrome. Originally it consisted of three serpents, twined round each other, surmounted by a tripod of solid gold, which rested on their heads. During the wars of the Macedonian Philip, father of Alexander the Great, this tripod was confiscated by the chiefs of Phocis. At the time of its removal to Constantinople, the place of the original tripod was supplied by another of inferior value. The Patriarch John VII., during the ninth century, believing the serpent was possessed by an evil spirit, came by night and broke off two of the heads. But when the city shortly after was infested by small green snakes, the people thought the injury to the serpent was the cause, and forced the government to restore the heads. The tripod has already disappeared. Since then all of the heads have been broken off, how or when no one knows. Two have been lost, but the third is now preserved in the Museum. The jagged, irregular edges where it was detached from the body, show it must have been removed by violence. The lower portion, about two inches longer than the upper, is 1 foot  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in length. The jaws are tightly closed. The tip of the mouth is  $2\frac{2}{5}$  inches wide, and from upper to lower surface is  $1\frac{4}{5}$  inch. The head, unlike the rest of the serpent, is cast solid. The tails were broken off before it was set upon its present pedestal. But by far the larger portion of the monument is still preserved. Its present height is 18 feet 9 inches. Its largest circumference is 5 feet 2 inches and its largest diameter 1 foot  $7\frac{4}{5}$  inches. The width of

its widest coil is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The thickness of the metal is  $\frac{3}{5}$  of an inch. It rests upon a white marble pedestal, long since blackened, the frustum of a pyramid 4 feet 5 inches square at the base and 1 foot 3 inches high. Through this pedestal runs a crack nearly across. Where it joins the pedestal on the south side, a triangular piece has been broken off about 1 foot long and 7 inches broad. On the ninth coil toward the north is a jagged hole 5 inches by 3; a second in the twentieth coil south  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter; a third in the twenty-first coil east 4 inches by 7, and still a fourth hole, the largest of all, in the twenty-third coil north 1 foot 2 inches by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The serpent is cracked in several places, specially where it has been attached to the pedestal on the south and towards the upper part on the same side. The whole serpent is filled with small stones thrown in through the open top by superstitious passers by.

Some archæologists have utterly denied the existence of any inscription at all upon the serpent. Others have maintained that beginning at the thirteenth coil, an inscription might be traced ending at the third coil from the bottom, and this inscription has been variously given in different epigraphical collections. It is true that archæologists with an eye of faith rather than of fleshy vision, sometimes do see things whose only existence is in their imagination. It is a temptation overwhelming, almost irresistible, to find the missing stone, the missing letter: in the long chain of evidence to forge the missing link. But on the serpent an inscription does exist. The only matter of dispute must be as to the reading of such portions as are nearly obliterated and as to the restoration of what has been entirely effaced.

I will give the result of my own investigation:—Above the tenth coil I have been able to find no inscription or trace of an inscription whatsoever, and I can only wonder at those investigators in recent times who claim to have been more fortunate. That above the tenth coil there was anciently an inscription we have every reason

to suppose, but long ago the letters, cut superficially in the metal, disappeared by abrasion. The letters on the lower coils were protected by the earth accumulated around the lower portion of the serpent. On the tenth and ninth coil, faint traces of an inscription can be discerned. On the eighth the reader can decipher enough to complete in his mind the names **TIPVNΘIOI**, **ΓΛΑΤΑΙΕΣ** and **ΘΕΣΠΙΕΣ**. On the five remaining coils—that is from the seventh to the third inclusive—every word can be made out, some as easily as if incised to-day. On the seventh coil are the names **ΜΥΚΑΝΕΣ**, **ΚΕΙΟΙ**, **ΜΑΛΙΟΙ** and **TENIOI**. The **TENIOI** is in slightly larger characters than the other words and cut deeper. On the sixth, **NAXIOI**, **ΕΡΕΤΡΙΕΣ** and **ΨΑΛΚΙΔΕΣ**. On the fifth, **ΣΤΥΡΕΣ**, **ΦΑΛΕΙΟΝΕΣ** and **ΓΟΤΕΙΔΑΙΑΤΑΙ**. On the fourth, **ΛΕΥΚΑΔΙΟΙ**, **ΦΑΝΑΚΤΟΡΙΕΣ**, **ΚΥΘΝΙΟΙ** and **ΣΙΦΝΙΟΙ**. On the third, **ΑΜΦΡΑΚΙΟΤΑΙ** and **ΛΕΓΓΕΑΤΑΙ**. These words are inscribed one under another in parallel lines on the north-east side of the monument. The letters are from  $\frac{3}{5}$  to  $\frac{4}{5}$  of an inch in length. It is to be remarked that in this inscription made certainly not later than 475 B.C., the digamma **Ϝ** appears; also we have **ϐ** for **ϕ**, **ϑ** for **θ**, **χ** for **Ξ**, **ψ** for **χ**, **δ** for **Δ**, and the vowels **ω** and **η** are not used. It is needless to say that this inscription is one of the most precious in the world.

On the thirteenth coil one archæologist supposes the following words, **ΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΤΟΝΕΛΑΝΟΝ**; another archæologist **ΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΓΟΜΕΔΟΝ**, and a third, Sir Charles Newton, **ΑΓΟΛΟΝΙΘΕΟΣΤΑΣΑΝΤΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΓΟΜΕΔΟΝ**. On the twelfth coil the majority suppose, **ΛΑΚΕΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΟΙ**, **ΑΘΑΝΑΙΟΙ** and **ΚΟΡΙΝΘΙΟΙ**: on the eleventh, **ΤΕΚΕΑΤΑΙ**, **ΣΕΚΥΟΝΙΟΙ** and **ΑΙCΙΝΑΤΑΙ**; on the tenth, **ΜΕΚΑΡΕΣ**, **ΕΡΙΔΑΥΡΙΟΙ** and **ΕΡΥΟΜΕΝΙΟΙ**: on the ninth, **ΦΛΕΙΑΣΙΟΙ**, **ΤΡΟΖΑΝΙΟΙ** and **ΕΡΜΙΟΝΕΣ**, thus including the 31 cities to whose deathless devotion was due the deliverance of Greece.

The Obelisk of Egyptian granite is 61 feet high and 6 feet square. It is supported on its pedestal at each

corner, by a copper-cube measuring 1 foot 6 inches. Its pedestal consists of two parts. The upper part is 9 feet 6 inches square, and 7 feet 9 inches high; the lower part is 12 feet square and 4 feet 6 inches high. This double pedestal stands likewise on a double stereobate; the upper stereobate is 20 feet 6 inches square and 2 feet high; the lower is 22 feet 6 inches square and 1 foot high. Adding 4 feet for the elevation of the Spina, we have the entire height of the apex above the former level of the arena  $81\frac{3}{4}$  feet. This Obelisk cannot vie as to height and size with those of London and Paris. That in the Place de la Concorde is 76 feet high, or, when the pedestal is included, 92 feet 8 inches.

That in the square of St. John Lateranus at Rome—the highest and largest in the world—is 106 feet 8 inches high and stands on a pedestal of 48 feet, its total height thus being 156 feet 8 inches, nearly the double of the Constantinople Obelisk. But while inferior in dimensions, in antiquity it surpasses by a few years all those I have named. It was the first Obelisk quarried by Thotmes III. The great Roman Obelisk of Thotmes IV. marked formerly the centre of the Circus Maximus. The tallest known in Egypt is that of Karnak, 105 feet 7 inches. The sides of the Obelisk are not perfectly parallel to those of the pedestal or to the axis of the Hippodrome. Probably Proclus, Prefect of the City, felt so relieved when he saw it at last erect, as not to be greatly troubled if it did stand a little askew. Its eastern face is slightly injured, either as Castellani supposes from it having lain long on that side upon the ground or from the early rays of the sun having there fallen directly upon it, while still moist with the night damp. Brown, in his translation of the “Ancient and Modern Description of Constantinople” by the Patriarch Constantius I., states that the hieroglyphics that cover it are of different periods. He gives the following translation of the inscription on the southern side which he states to be a prayer of Thotmes to the god Phta Sakaris.

"Grant power, and cover with the principle of divine wisdom the gentle King, oh! guardian Sun, vigilant and just Sun, continuator of Life.

"Guide his innermost thoughts, so that he may show himself active and just in all things.

"Sublime Wisdom, grant to him the principle of thy essence, and the principle of thy light, so that he may collect fruits in the impetuosity of his career.

"Four times he thus distinctly implores thee, Vigilant Sun of Justice of all Times! May the request which he makes to thee be granted to him."

The details of the pedestal are given with amazing inaccuracy by Peter Gyllius, but with greater correctness by Byzantios.

Northern Side—Here the pedestal has been strangely disfigured by a large hole drilled along its face. On the upper pedestal the Emperor is represented upon his throne with four persons. On either side of this group stand three courtiers, and behind them four guards armed with lances. Beneath is a second row, nine persons on the left and seven on the right, thus making thirty-five persons represented on the upper portion of the pedestal. The lower portion represents two scenes; the first, the manner of erecting the Obelisk; the second, the Obelisk in position. In the first scene the master with raised arm animates his workmen who are toiling by quartettes at the two winches. In the second the master, his arm raised in different manner, as if to express wonder and admiration, stands amidst a number of men, women, children, all seeming as delighted and amazed as himself. In each scene Proclus is a most prominent figure. These two scenes, by their vividness and minute attention to detail, well repay study and merit a far longer description. Both, especially the lower, are in so mutilated a condition that at first glance one is able to make out very little.

Western Side—On the upper pedestal the Emperor Theodosius is seated on the throne of the Kathisma. On his left is the Empress Flaccilla, likewise seated and wear-

ing her crown. On the Emperor's right are their two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, who were, in 395, to divide the world between them. To the right of these princes stand two courtiers, behind whom are three soldiers. To the left of Flaccilla are three courtiers in front of four soldiers. All these soldiers are armed with lances. Directly below, but at some distance, are ten suppliant barbarians, offering tribute, all with bowed heads, five kneeling from the right, and five from the left toward the Emperor. Thus the two groups of captives front each other. That this is a triumphal scene, wherein Theodosius receives the submission of conquered enemies, who, in the arena below the Kathisma, pay him homage, there can be no doubt. On this portion of the pedestal are represented altogether twenty-six persons.

The lower portion of the pedestal contains the following inscription, perfectly legible :—

*Κίονα τετράπλευρον, ἀεὶ χθονὶ κείμενον ἄχθος,  
Μοῦνος ἀναστήσαι Θεοδοσίος βασιλεὺς,  
Τολμήσας, Πρόκλῳ ἐπεκέκλετο· καὶ τόσος ἔσται  
Κίων, ἡελίοις ἐν τριάκοντα δύο.*

South Side.—Here the imperial display is more imposing than on the north or western sides. There is the same family group, Theodosius, Flaccilla, Arcadius and Honorius, seated upon the throne. In the background are three guards on the Emperor's right and four on the Empress's left. Farther to the front are two courtiers on the right hand of the Emperor and three on the left of Flaccilla. On each side, in prominent positions, are two other guards, protected by shields. But the two most striking figures of the entire group stand, full length, dressed each in the toga on either side of the steps ascending from the front to the imperial throne above. On each side of these full length figures are two rows of courtiers, four in each row. Thus, on this portion of the pedestal, are represented in all thirty-eight persons. The technical value of this picture in stone is twofold, as it proves that steps ascended from below to the

front of the throne, and as it gives a glimpse of the arrangement of the lodges fronting on the arena and placed directly above the carceres or *μαρτυρα*.

The lower portion of the pedestal gives two distinct pictures, one directly above the other and both reaching entirely across. In the upper are six footmen, two horsemen upon their steeds, a stand and several obelisks. The lower represents a chariot race, or rather two races just ending, one between two two-horse and one between two four-horse chariots. In each case the successful charioteer has so far distanced his defeated rival that they seem advancing in different directions.

East Side.—As this was the winning side, that which on the final round was the last to be passed, it is appropriately devoted to the conclusion and reward of the race. The Emperor is not, as in the three preceding scenes, seated upon the throne of the Kathisma, but has advanced to the balcony, and stands, the crown in his right hand, ready to recompense the victor. In the same balcony are three courtiers on the Emperor's right and two on his left. One guard with his lance is in the group. This is the second instance wherein arms appear in the imperial circle. Usually they are seen outside the pillars that bound the Kathisma. Probably, the soldier is admitted here, because the Emperor has quitted the sacred and well defended throne, and is in a position more public and perilous. The Empress and the young Princes are not present. Outside of the balcony, on the Emperor's right, are five courtiers and four guards; on his left, six courtiers and three guards; the soldiers always standing behind, and armed with lance or spear. Below this official group are two rows of spectators, nothing represented but their heads, packed in so close together that their faces almost touch. In the first row are twenty-one heads; in the second are twenty. Beneath is still another row of persons celebrating the triumph by music and dance. Beginning from the left we have three musicians, then a harp, next three dancers, then another musician with a flute, after-

wards four more dancers, then two musicians, a harp, and three musicians more. Altogether, there are sixteen figures in this series. All the nine musicians are men ; all the seven dancers are women who dance hand in hand, their hands raised above their heads. The entire number of persons represented on the upper portion of the pedestal on this western side, is, hence, eighty-two.

The lower pedestal bears only the following inscription :

*Difficilis quondam dominis parere serenis,  
Jussus, et extinctis palmam portare tyrannis :  
Omnia Theodosio cedunt sobolique pereuni,  
Terdenis sic victus ego d \* \* busque diebus  
Judice sub Proclo s \* \* \* s elatus ad auras.*

A small portion of the 4th and 5th lines are lost, through a piece of the marble being broken off, but all the rest is very legible, and the few letters gone are easily supplied.

It is true these various carvings have been ill-used by the centuries, and much of their beauty and expression has been lost. But enough remains to prove that although not the highest masterpieces of the sculptor's skill, they were once graceful and lifelike. The number of human figures carved on the upper pedestal is surprising, there being in all on the four sides one hundred and eighty-one. Disfigured as they are, the marble has suffered less from time and storm than the granite cubes at the upper corners of the lower pedestal. Why those blocks of granite were ever inserted between the two pedestals, it is hard to say ; perhaps to maintain a fancied symmetry with the corner copper cubes above ; perhaps to conceal some defect in the lower pedestal.

It must have escaped the attention of the Ottoman Government, and of the learned Director of the Imperial Museum, justly famed for his devotion to the monuments of antiquity, that some enterprising individual has made use of the venerable obelisk in an amusing way. On the eastern side, between the base of the obelisk and the upper pedestal, has been placed a painted sign, three or four feet

long, to make certain that the passer by shall not lose his way to the exhibition of the Janissaries. Thotmes and Theodosius have come to this! The monument of their united glory—the maiden obelisk of the one and the incarnation in marble carving of the greatness of the other—in the nineteenth century serves as a sign-post! And yet that painted placard upon it, despite the ludicrous incongruousness of its position, embodies a revelation. The four languages it employs—Turkish, French, Armenian and Greek—announce the cosmopolitan character of the dwellers and sojourners in this, the most polyglot city in the world. Even the white hand painted upon it with schoolboy skill, its finger indicating the Janissaries, points to a past that Sultan Mahmoud II., the Reformer, ended for ever. Would one realize what advance this empire has made during these last one hundred years? Let him compare the disorganization and lawlessness existent just before the great Mahmoud began his reign with the present improved condition of affairs under the wise and philanthropic sway of his illustrious descendant, Sultan Abdul Hamid II.

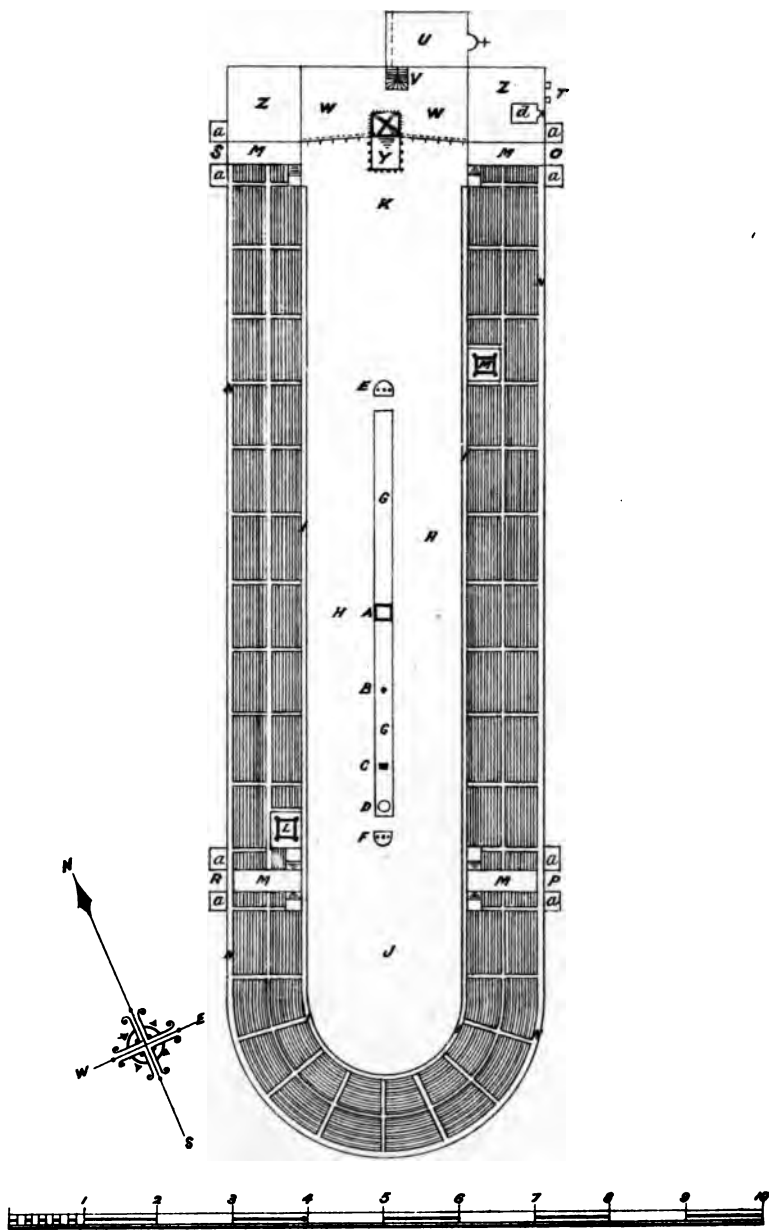
In the northern part of the Atmeidan has been built a small kiosk, and around it has been planted a tiny garden. There is no more charming spot in Constantinople for rest and reverie. As one sits and muses in the grateful shade of the trees, whose roots wind down to the old surface of the arena, inevitably, unconsciously to himself perhaps, he reconstitutes the past. He knows the Palace of the Kathisma rose on its snowy pillars where runs the dusty street; he lifts his eyes toward the point in the empty air where sat successive tiaraed Emperors upon the vanished throne. He knows the first mad dash of the chariots in frenzied rivalry began where the garden stands, and in the air rustling among the leaves, he seems to hear them whizzing by him with their rushing whirl. He knows that from the west, through the Gate of the Blues, poured victorious armies and throngs of prisoners; and that, while the humbler host pressed farther to the

southward, the triumphant generals and captive monarchs halted to do homage to the Emperor, on ground that would be comprehended within the enclosure where he is. He knows that to that self-same spot came the successful champions of the arena, to receive from Imperial hands their hard-won laurel crowns. He casts his glance southward toward the three surviving monuments of the Spina, and his heart echoes to the words of the Vandal King to Belisarius, uttered at farthest but a few yards away, perhaps at the very spot where his chair is standing the saddest, wisest words that Solomon learned or taught.

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## EXPLANATION OF PLAN.

- A ... *Obelisk, centre of H.*  
 B ... *Serpent of Delphi.*  
 C ... *Built Column.*  
 D ... *Phiale.*  
 E ... *Goal of Blues.*  
 F ... *Goal of Greens.*  
 ||| in E and F ... *Small Obelisks.*  
 G ... *Spina.*  
 H ... *Arena.*  
 I ... *Euripus.*  
 J ... *Place of execution in Arena.*  
 K ... *Part of Arena called Stama.*  
 |||| in K ... *Twelve Gateways of the Mangana.*  
 L ... *Tetrakion.*  
 M ... *Lodge of Judges.*  
 N ... *Promenade.*  
 O ... *Gate of Greens.*  
 P ... *Gate of the Dead.*  
 R ... *South-western Gate.*  
 S ... *Gate of Blues.*  
 T ... *Gate of Decimus.*  
 U ... *Church of St. Stephen.*  
 V ... *Spiral Staircase, Kochlias.*  
 W ... *Palace of Kathisma.*  
 ||||| in W ... *Columns separating lodges of Courtiers.*  
 X ... *Kathisma.*  
 - in X ... *Throne of Emperor.*  
 Y ... *The Pi.*  
 Z ... *Roof over that part of Mangana, not under  
Palace of Kathisma.*  
 a ... *Towers at Gates.*  
 d ... *Small Church.*  
 m ... *Passages leading to Arena and Stairways.*



*SCALE. 1 Centimetre to 30 Mètres or 98½ Feet.*

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